

JOHN HENRY

ON TITLED FOREIGNERS

BY GEO. V. HOBART, ("HUGH M'HUGH")

Dear Bunch: Your letter from Venice is at hand, and we are glad, indeed, to hear from you.

I hope you won't fall in the canal while in Venice. No doubt your early education on the Erie will be of great help to you—get apt!

I notice from your letter that you've been hobnobbing with nobility over there—careless Bunch!

We got 'em over here, Bunch, by the gross, so you haven't anything on us.

I went in to the Waldorf to meet Uncle Peter one evening last week, and I found him entertaining a German nobleman—the Count Cheese von Cheese.

The count is traveling in this country incognito.

If he were my country he couldn't travel in a cage.

I'm wise to those guys with the Gorgonzola title all wrapped up in tis-



"Entertaining a German Nobleman."

sue paper and only eight dollars in their jeans.

Count Cheese von Cheese was introduced to me by Uncle Peter as plain Herr Bungstalter, and then uncle whispered me next to the real truth about the incognito gag.

Uncle Peter certainly does make both ends meet in the lemon industry.

He is the original onion collector, and he spends his waking moments failing for dead ones.

I was on to Count Cheese von Cheese the moment he opened his talk trap.

That miff is over here to pick out an heiress and fall in love with her because he needs the money.

Every steamer brings them over, Bunch, some incognito, some in dress suits, and some in hor-signe viness, but all of them able to pick out a lady with a bank account at 50 pieces.

It's getting so now, Bunch, that an open-face, stem-winding American has to kick four dukes, eight earls, seven counts, and a couple of princes off the front steps every time he goes to call on his sweetheart—if she has money.

When I go down into Wall street, Bunch, I find rich men with tears streaming down their faces while they are calling up on the telephone to see if their daughter, Gladys, is still safe at home, where they left her before they came down to business.

Walk through a peachy palace of the rich on Fifth avenue, and what will you find?

Answer: You will find a proud moth bowed with a great grief, and holding on to a rope which is tied to her daughter's ankle to prevent the latter from running out on the front piazza and throwing kisses at the titled foreigners.

You will find these cheap skates everywhere, Bunch, rushing hither and thither, and sniffing the air for the odor of burning money.

Guessing Her Weight.

"For me to get weighed on a public weighing machine is as good as a vaudeville performance for the onlookers," said the thin woman. "The minute I mount the scales and drop in my penny other people draw near and make bets with each other on my avoidups. Very few are good guessers. Most of them underestimate my weight. They are more disappointed over their lack of judgment than those who credited me with a few pounds too many."

"Gee!" says one man. "I didn't think she was that hefty."

"You can't always tell about these thin-looking folks," says another. "Sometimes they're pretty solid. I thought she'd pull the scales down a little further than that."

To a person of shrinking disposition such comments are decidedly embarrassing; therefore I seldom try to ascertain my weight in public."

Whale's Immense Frame.

The bone frame of the average whale weighs about 45 tons.

ON TITLED FOREIGNERS

They are putting all our millionaires on the fritz, that's what they're doing.

It will soon come to pass that the heiress will have to be locked up in the safe deposit vaults with pap's bank book.

Here is an item from one of our most prominent newspapers. Read it, Bunch, and then rush out and take a running kick at the first nobleman you see:

"Long Island City, N.Y.—Pinchen Shortface, the millionaire who made a fortune by inventing a way to open clams by steam, has determined that no foreign count will marry his daughter, Sudecka. She will inherit about \$193,000,000, about \$18 of which is loose enough to spend. The unhappy father is building a spile fence around his mansion, which will be about 22 feet high, and all the unmarried millionaires without daughters, to speak of, will contribute champagne bottles to put on top of the fence. If the count gets Sudecka he is more of a sparrow than her father thinks he is."

It's pitiful, Bunch; that's what it is, pitiful!

All over the country rich men are dropping their beloved daughters in the country?

Find out, Bunch.

A few days ago one of these multi-millionaires jumped off an ocean liner, and immediately the price of padlocks rose to the highest point ever known on the stock exchange.

All over the country rich men with romantic daughters rushed to and fro and then rushed back again.

They were up against a crisis.

If you could get near enough to the long-distance telephone, Bunch, you could hear one rich old American guy shrieking the battle-cry to another captain of industry out in Indianapolis: "To arms! The foe! The foe! He comes with nothing but his full-dress suit and a blank marriage license! To arms! To arms!"

The telegraph wires are also sizzling with excitement.

Dispatches which would make your blood curdle with anguish and sorrow for the rich are flying all over the country.

Something like this:

Boston. To-day. At 10:30 this morning Rudolph Oscar Grabitall, the millionaire stone-breaker, read the startling news that a foreign count had just landed in New York. His suffering was pathetic. His daughter, Gasolene Panatella, who will inherit \$19,000,000, mostly in bonds, stocks and newspaper talk, was in the dental parlor five blocks away from home when the blow fell. Calling his house-hold about him, Mr. Grabitall rushed into the dental parlor, beat the dentist down with his bill, dragged Gasolene

out of the cyclone cellar and hiding mamma's stocking with the money in it out in the hay loft.

I am glad, Bunch, that I am not a rich man with a daughter who is eating her heart out for a moth-covered tit and a castle on the Rhinewine.

You can bet, Bunch, that no daughter of mine can ever marry a tall gent with a nose like a quarter past six and a knowledge of the English language which doesn't get beyond L. O. U.

Talk to the nobility you have been hobnobbing with, Bunch, and see if you can reform them.

Yours in hope, JOHN,

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Telegraph Poles from Michigan.

The greater portion of the telegraph and telephone poles of this country come from the northern peninsula of Michigan. There are many yards in that portion of the state where these poles are carried in stock in great quantities and various sizes. The larger firms in the business handle from 100,000 up to as high as 200,000 poles annually, equivalent to from 800 to 1,000 carloads, the railroad tie fence posts and cedar posts produced with the poles amounting to twice as much more. A yard which will accommodate all the standard sizes of poles and posts must provide a pile frontage of not less than 1,500 feet, with depth varying from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet.

Tobacco Habit Spreading.

Oystermen digging oysters off Long Island several days ago picked up three oysters which had grown to an old hawk-bill pipe, probably dropped overboard from some passing ship.

The pipe, which was in fairly good condition, had been blackened by heavy smoking, and was heavily crusted inside. The oysters clinging to the bottom of the bowl, and one had fastened itself to the side near the top.

The pipe was taken to the aquarist and put in a glass jar. When salt water was poured in the oysters began to open and close their shells. New York Tribune.

Read the Startling News.

Jane Panatella home and locked her up in the rear cupboard of the spare room on the second floor of his man-sion. Her teeth suffered somewhat but, thank heaven! her money will remain in this country. The community breathes easier, but all the incoming trains are being watched."

Are you wise, Bunch, to what the panhandling nobility of Europe are doing in our dear United States?

Damage of Sun's Rays to Ships

"Did you ever wonder if there was a system in the way vessels are taxed when they are placed at the docks for the winter?" asked A. A. Schantz as he stood at his office window, looking out at the winter fleet which shut off the view of the river. "You will notice," he continued, "that some of the boats face one way and some the other, from which you would naturally infer that there wasn't any method about it, but if you had a picture of the same boats laid up last year you would invariably discover that then they were turned the other way."

The vessels are reversed from year to year for the reason that, lying at the docks, one side is much more exposed to the weather than the other, not so much the wind and rain as the sunlight reflected from the water.

A boat wintered always in one position will require new bulwarks and decking on the water side in just half the time required to rot the timbers on the unexposed side. When you

consider that the jacking and hull works of a ship don't necessarily renew once every seven or eight years the scheme of reversing the vessel really works a great saving." —Detroit Free Press.

New Holiday in Buenos Ayres.

In Buenos Ayres they have a new holiday—Animal day—which was celebrated on April 29. The Herald of that city, in describing the celebration, says: "The carnivorous animals of the Zoo presented an animated appearance, and were associated with thousands of people who had assembled in response to the efforts of the society for the Protection of Animals to arrange that this day be celebrated annually." Dr. Eugenio Alcorta, president of the Republic, delivered an address and to commemorate the occasion medals were distributed among the children. One of the features of the celebration was the liberation of 500 pigeons.

MAN FORCED ON TOUR OF GLOBE

VICTIM OF THE "SHANGHAI" RE-TURNS TO AMERICA AFTER NINE YEARS.

INVITED TO EAT BY STRANGER

Latter Dopes Coffee and Charles Walker Wakes Up on Lumber Bark—Tells of Remarkable Experiences Abroad.

Cheney Wash. After an absence of nine years during which he has traveled all over the world, Charles Walker has returned to Cheney and will resume his former trade that of a painter. His adventures on land and sea suggest these one-man or in-story books. He left here for Spokane May 21, 1899, and as not heard of for a long time.

In the Falls City Walker was robbed and loaded on a freight car. Reaching Tacoma, he was abandoned aboard a deep sea sailing ship which started him on his globe-trotting career. He outlines his experience in the following words:

"I met a man in a dark street near the depot at Spokane, who talked to me for a while, then it seems he struck me on the side of the head with something he drew from his coat pocket. I must have lost consciousness for some time, for when I awoke I was in a box car in the rail yard yards at Tacoma. On leaving the car, I was accosted by a stranger who, like myself, seemed to be looking for work."

He finally invited me to eat with him and being hungry and without money, I accepted the invitation. We went into a restaurant, and while eating I noticed that the coffee had a peculiar taste and remarked about it to my companion, who assured me that it was all right. I do not remember anything from that time until I awoke on board the Nova Scotia bark *Sillwater*, loaded with lumber and three days out at sea.

I was informed that I had signed for the voyage to South Africa, and on entering an emphatic denial I was shown my own signature to the ship's articles. It then occurred to me that I was informed that I had signed for the voyage to South Africa, and on entering an emphatic denial I was shown my own signature to the ship's articles. It then occurred to me that I was informed that I had signed for the voyage to South Africa, and on entering an emphatic denial I was shown my own signature to the ship's articles.

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He started to go to the railroad station at Wild Rose. Four miles out of town her strength failed her and she was compelled to crawl on her hands and knees the remainder of the distance. She finally reached the town, barely alive, told her story and a searching party was at once dispatched for her. She was found lying unconscious beside her auto.

They had practically nothing to eat or drink for four days.

RECEIVES OWN FUNERAL BILL.

Mistake in Names Causes Wife Needless Alarm.

Philadelphia. That Andrew Koen of Seventh and Diamond streets, a member of the staff of the office of the postmaster of vital statistics, is not on the list of "dead ones" is not due to any fault of Under-taker Henry Schneider.

Some time ago the wife of Mr. Koen received a bill for funeral expenses incurred in the supposed burial of her husband. Not knowing the meaning of the bill, Mrs. Koen rushed upstairs to her husband's room, where he was peacefully sleeping and, awake, called him the bill, determined to know the meaning.

After a visit of 227 days we reached port at East London, South Africa.

"After working at my trade a short time I enlisted in the English army for a term of one year and was assigned to the intelligence department. At the end of the period I enlisted for a term of three years in the Royal Field Artillery.

After my term of enlistment had expired I went back to Africa, where I joined a railway surveying party and went the full length of the proposed railway from Cape Town to Cairo, Egypt. Then on returning I shipped to Australia and later traveled over a considerable part of China and Japan.

"Shortly after returning to Australia I signed as fireman on the White Star steamer *Paris*, and went to England and the next 18 months I spent travelling over Europe. On April 18, 1901, I left Hamburg, Germany, for Old Mexico, and worked my way across the ocean on a sailing vessel and in due time landed at Santa Rosalia, on the Gulf of California.

"I went to the western coast and engaged in mining, working for the Columbia Mining company. Finally, on May 6 of the present year I landed in the United States after an absence of nine years lacking 13 days."

YOUNG WOMAN CRAWLS OVER DESERT FOR HELP

TRAVELS THROUGH BURNING SAND ON HANDS AND KNEES TO SAVE HELPLESS MAN.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Harold Brady as assistant superintendent of the Skidoo mine, Mrs. Sam Bernardino, and Miss Little Davis, postmistress at Skidoo, recently had the most harrowing desert experience of the year, and both came near losing their lives. That they did not is owing entirely to the heroism of Miss Davis, who crawled many miles over the burning desert sands after their automobile had broken down and reached a civilized camp, whence a searching party was sent out after the unconscious mine superintendent.

Brady and Miss Davis spent five days in crossing the desert between



She Crawled for Miles on Her Hands and Knees.

San Bernardino and Skidoo. This stretch of sand is ordinarily traversed in an auto in five hours, but one accident after another occurred. Finally the auto was entirely disabled and, after futile efforts to mend it, Brady gave up. The girl worked with him for some time, then as he became delirious, she realized that if he was to be saved at all, she must trust to her own exertions.

She started to go to the railroad station at Wild Rose. Four miles out of town her strength failed her and she was compelled to crawl on her hands and knees the remainder of the distance. She finally reached the town, barely alive, told her story and a searching party was at once dispatched for her. She was found lying unconscious beside her auto.

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A remarkable collection of nearly 600 pieces of playing cards of all ages and all nations has been presented to the company of makers of playing cards